THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 18, 1808.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 31.

TO ANNABELLA.

YOU cannot have forgotten the many merry tales I have told you of my friends at W—— Cottage. 'Till within this last month, I have not been there for several years; but I still view them in my "mind's eye" exactly as they were at the commencement of our acquaintance. Mr. P——, the worthy and humorous owner of that delightful spot, was then about fifty. His wife had been long dead; he was left with two daughters, who had just attained that envious period of existence, when the careless heart beats to the music of love. Phillis, the eldest, was a sprightly little Brunette; and whilst her dark sparkling eyes beamed with the sunshine of vivacity, they rarely failed to disseminate the joyous contagion over the bosoms of her admirers. Her sister Emilia was not less different in person than in disposition. Had a *poet* seen her cheeks, he would have sworn they reminded him of the first blush of morning on the virgin snows of Zembla; in short, she was delicately beautiful; but her mind seemed tinctured with melancholy. Instead of participating the amusements of youth, she dedicated most of her hours to retirement, and expressed much displeasure at any unnecessary intrusion. Having known her from her early childhood, I did not hesitate to ask many questions, which, from another person, might be deemed impertinent. Amongst others, (promising profound secresy) I beseeched her to be explicit as to the *reason* of her inclination to *solitude*; that it was not a natural disposition, the former part of

her life sufficiently convinced me; and, after some urgent intreaties, she confessed, with many a heart-rending sigh, that *love*—all-powerful *love*—had rifled her bosom of the sweets of peace, and rendered all connections with the gay world odiously insipid. The object of her regard was Charles Bellmont, the only child of a neighbouring baronet. This young man, in addition to every external power of fascination, possessed an admirable genius, which had been well cultivated by education; he was the general favourite of the fair sex, and the general envy of his own; and yet his matchless modesty shrunk from the voice of praise; flattery he abominated, and constantly betrayed an utter aversion to all such as were mean enough to stoop to it.

Emilia and Charles first met at a neighbouring assembly, and were mutually smitten in the course of the evening. Such pleasure does the little winged imp take in uniting the hearts of those whom worldly interest would endeavour to separate. Conscious that the publicity of their attachment would obviate its success, the lovers for a long time carried on a secret correspondence; but, unfortunately, a servant in the interest of the baronet, whom Charles had unwarily employed as an occasional messenger, divulged their amours to his unsuspicious master. The old gentleman, naturally proud and supercilious, threw himself into an immoderate paroxysm of rage, and threatened to disinherit his son if he did not immediately terminate his correspondence, and dissolve his engagement. The eloquent petitions of the wretched lover—his tears—his intreaties—served but to stimulate the baronet's anger, and poor Charles, in an agony of despair, was hurried off to London the next morning, without being able to snatch a short interview, or to communicate his distress to his beloved Emilia.

Shortly after this occurrence I left the cottage, and (as I have before stated) did not revisit it 'till this last month. On my arrival, I met with the same cordial welcome as formerly; but alas! my heart was sadly afflicted at the evident change in Emilia's appearance. Not only the lovers, but the baronet himself had observed such secrecy, that Mr. P—— was totally ignorant of the real cause of his daughter's indisposition, and attributed it simply to the natural delicacy of her constitution. I seized the first opportunity of gaining fresh intelligence from her; the substance of which was, that Charles was now on the grand tour, and that she had only received one letter from him since his departure. How difficult (or rather) how *impossible* is it to administer consolation to the wounded heart. I would have given a sceptre to soothe her anguish; but, alas! the ear of the despairing lover is deaf to the admonitions of reason, and spurns the proffered participations of sympathy.

It

It was Emilia's custom to walk across the meadows about an hour before sunset, in which excursions I generally attended her; and I plainly perceived that no conversation was so grateful to her feelings as when Charles was the topic; and yet there was no subject I would so willingly have avoided, because, in the hopeless condition matters then stood, it served but to stimulate the flame that gradually consumed her. In one of these rambles our attention was attracted by the music of the village-bells. There is something sweetly plaintive in the sound; 'tis the melody of love; and, when the soul is attuned to sensibility, it gives birth to a painful—pleasing—inexpressible emotion. Perceiving a similar effect in the countenance of Emilia, I urged her return to the cottage; to which she reluctantly consented. Just before we reached it, in crossing a public road, we were surprised by the loud shouts of a mob of rustics; and, as they approached us, I enquired the cause of their hilarity. "Bless ye, Maister," said one of them, "hant ye heard the bells a-ringing? why the young baronet be on the road." "Ay," cried another, "and just a com too, for I hear the zound of wheels,"—and away they all scampered. A transient hectic glowed on the cheeks of my fair companion; and, seizing my hand with a convulsive grasp, her senses forsook her, and I with difficulty prevented her falling to the ground.

In a few minutes a chariot, followed by the vociferous populace, drove up to the spot where I supported the still inanimate girl. It immediately stopped, and out sprung the astonished and terrified Charles. After as brief an explanation as possible, in which his anxiety betrayed the full force of an unconquered passion, Emilia was lifted into the chariot, and soon arrived at the cottage. Heedless of any unpleasant consequences that might occur from the baronet's knowledge of this transaction, Charles persisted in remaining with us, 'till the object of his tender solicitude was perfectly recovered from her faintness. *Then*, and not 'till then (when the enraptured lovers were locked in a fond embrace) was Mr. P—— convinced of the cause of his daughter's melancholy. Conscious that in the present moment any interference would be unseasonable, Mr. P—— cautiously concealed his astonishment; in fact, he knew not how to act; no possible objection could be made to Charles on *his* side, but, at the same time, he was too well acquainted with the baronet's character, not to anticipate his resolute opposition to the connection.

The next morning Charles renewed his visit, and, to our utter surprise, was accompanied by the baronet himself. To *me*, who had heard of his violent conduct on the first discovery of this attachment, such an event appeared quite paradoxical; and still more so, when he insisted on our returning with him

to his seat to dinner. The invitation was cheerfully accepted, and I may truly say, that (exclusive of the superior joys ever derived from the company of Annabella) it was one of the happiest days I ever spent. But the baronet's hospitality did not rest here; by the force of his strenuous and repeated intreaties we were prevailed on to remain a week with him. Such was the unbounded felicity of the lovers, and the general harmony of the whole party, that I fancied myself in a little paradise.

Oft have I mark'd in spring's ambrosial reign,
When early sun-beams gild the dewy plain,
Expansive clouds pervade the blue serene,
And cast deep shadows o'er the smiling scene;
Dark and more dark, from heav'ns high arch they frown,
Then, headlong, pour a watery deluge down.
A change as swift—

Yes, Annabella! a change as swift and as unexpected took place at the baronet's. Emilia was seized with a sudden illness, and in a few hours she lay apparently dead. Medical assistance was resorted to, but all in vain! She was pronounced past recovery, and in a short time I was informed of her death. Here let me draw a veil over the scene of wretchedness that ensued; the distracted father—the frantic lover—the inconsolable sister! 'Tis past description, and even the remembrance of it harrows up my soul. The baronet's agitation bordered on madness, and retiring to his chamber he bolted the door, and refused every one admission. In vain they begged, prayed, *insisted!* he was inexorable.

Emilia's funeral was appointed to be in the night, and every one attended but the baronet. Never did I witness so awful a ceremony; the church was hung with black, and every countenance clouded with sorrow and despair. In the centre of the aisle stood the coffin, whilst Charles, kneeling by its side, shed a torrent of tears; but judge of our feelings, when in the midst of the solemn service, he started up, vehemently exclaiming—"She lives—she lives—she *lives!*" Attributing such conduct to the delirium of grief, we attempted to secure him, but springing from our grasp, he seized the lid of the coffin, and with the strength of an Hercules, wrenched it instantly off. Gracious providence! how inexplicable are thy ways! the corpse, clothed in the mournful garb of death, rose gradually up; she gazed vacantly on the spectators, and uttering a shriek, again relapsed into a state of insensibility. In the midst of the consequent confusion, a servant rushed into the church, with the dreadful information that the baronet had *shot himself.*

Such

Such a combination of miseries was too powerful for the unhappy Charles; he fell lifeless into the arms of the attendants, and in that state was conveyed to his father's. Emilia was carried to the cottage, where they again succeeded in restoring her senses. The report of the baronet's rashness was but too true; but Charles was sufficiently recovered to have an interview with him before his death. The baronet confessed that he had bribed one of his servants to administer a deadly opiate to Emilia, and that his late attentions to the family were but the more effectually to cover his dark designs; he then intreated forgiveness of his son, and of Heaven, and died in an agony of remorse. His execrable conduct casts a stigma on human nature, and debases it beneath the brute creation; but he is no more! he is gone to receive the reward of his actions! Oh may he not have implored forgiveness in vain!

I shall conclude this long letter with the information that Charles and Emilia are at length married; and 'tis my constant prayer that their happiness may be equal to their virtues.

X.

Considerations on the projected Invasion of India by the French, Russians, and Persians.

[From the Literary Panorama.]

CERTAINLY the minds of sovereigns, who are men of business, are the depositories of their own plans, which it is in their pleasure to conceal or to promulgate. Military sovereigns, especially, who have felt the importance of secrecy, in the command of armies, may well be supposed to be extremely jealous of suffering their resolutions to transpire. Much less will they divulge a scheme, when it concerns the dominions of other states, and involves the welfare of those, whether friends or enemies, at whose expence they intend to aggrandize themselves. We shall, therefore, introduce our comments on the plan, now no secret to Europe, for assaulting and oversetting the British power in India, by an overland attack, by declaring that our knowledge of the intentions of Russia, on this subject, is derived from the late Emperor Paul himself. During his short reign, that monarch paid great attention to this project; and, more than once in our hearing, avowed his positive determination of putting it into execution. This is saying enough for our present purpose.

To suppose that any mischief of which Britain was the object should exist, without the participation of Bonaparte, would be to defame his character, and to diminish the *obligations* under which this country lies to his animosity and envy. Yet,

we

we shall not affect to affirm with equal precision, what part in this adventure, is undertaken by our arch enemy, or to know the very words of the conventions agreed to at Tilsit. Our private information (from an intelligent foreigner, of whose friendship for our work we have had numerous demonstrations) was the same for substance with that promulgated by authority in this country, with these remarkable words attached to it: "Your country, Sir, could not do otherwise than it has done, if it intended to escape the most powerful combination (snare) ever laid for it."

We understood the assistance to be furnished by France to Russia, in the first instance, consists in officers; but this does not exclude intrigue, of which those officers are in fact the instruments. Bonaparte has sent his emissaries to the Persian court; and the Persian court has returned compliments and presents, answerable to his own. The Persian court is, in fact, the centre from whence this expedition, if undertaken, must be supported; and we presume that a slight review of such invasions of India from this quarter, as have heretofore been effected, may contribute essentially to the better ascertaining what credit is due to present rumours.

India may be considered as a promontory lying between the river Indus on the west, (say long. 70) and the Burhampootra on the east (say long. 95) extending southward to N. lat. 9, but united on the north to Tartary, on the north-east to Cashgur and Cabulistan, and on the west, but across the river Indus, to Persia.

We have very little hesitation in placing the original India on the north west side of the head of the Indus, i. e. the most easterly province of the Persian empire, called by the Persians, "the East, or even "India;" (Esther i. 1 viii. 9) for we have no reason to think, that the Persian empire, even when at its greatest height, ever established a permanent dominion over any province of the present Hindoostan.

As the brahmins of India say that they came into this country from the north west, and by the pass of Hurdwar, we might consider this passage as the first acknowledged intercourse, irruption rather, from Persia to India. But, as we have no authentic memorials whereby to state this event historically, we shall direct our attention to cases more analogous to the object of the present paper.

Alexander of Macedon, whom his partizans dignified with the title Great, was intent on raising himself to the honours of divinity: for he had discovered that sundry mortals like himself, had effected this distinction.*

Stimulated

* We are not to suppose that Alexander was foolish enough to fancy the possibility, that he could be received as one of the ancient twelve

Stimulated by such surpassing ambition, this warrior attempted by conquest to extend his dominion, and confirm his authority, having overcome the Persian power, he carried his arms eastward, to India. The difficulties he had to encounter dispirited his army, and after having made an entrance into Hindoostan he was obliged to relinquish his design. Yet, Alexander, who had levied 30,000 troops in the neighbouring countries, who accompanied his army in person, and who at the furthest could obtain supplies of all kinds, from his established dominions in Persia, had many advantages which have been thought very material in such undertakings. Alexander died more than 300 years before A. D.

What the military ardour of the Grecian hero could not accomplish, was effected by that torrent-like vigour, which not seldom accompanies the burst of a novel superstition. The disciples of Mahomet ere the close of the fourth century, from the rise of their religion, had spread themselves over the east, and after overrunning Persia, had settled their power in the kingdom of Ghizni, in the provinces of Chorasan and Cabul, adjoining to the north of India. The locality of this establishment gave them infinite advantages for invading this tempting region. They could select the most proper time, or embrace the most promising opportunity; they were sure of a retreat if defeated, and could renew those armies which might be cut off.

The Mahometan spirit of propagating religion by the sword, animated Mahomed the first, who, on his accession to the throne of Ghizni, vowed the subjugation and conversion of the Hindoos. At the commencement of the eleventh century of the Christian era, he began to execute this vow: and in the course of twenty years he invaded India twelve times, delighting in desolation and carnage, and calling on Heaven to reward his zeal and piety! his last irruption ended A. D. 1020. Succeeding Mahometan leaders after innumerable combats, and incalculable loss of lives, penetrated still further into India, and the hallowed city of Benares was stormed and pillaged, about A. D. 1204. The seat of government was removed from Benares to Delhi; and Bengal was subdued by the Mahometan

great gods of the heathen: the most he could expect, would be, as actually took place in Egypt, that he should be received as the thirteenth deity, and associated with those of the upper rank. But he knew, that Hercules, Theseus, and other heroes, had in length of time, by a process not absolutely unlike the beatification and canonization of saints, in the Roman church, been promoted from simple honours to absolute worship, especially in the temples erected to their memory. The worship of Alexander the Great continued to the days of Alexander Severus.

hometan arms in 1225. The mountains, however, continued to resist.

In 1231, an invader, from another quarter, the famous Zengis Khan, directed his efforts to India, and so far succeeded as to reduce the provinces west of the Indus But, in 1306, Alla, the nephew of Feroz II. who had made his way to the throne by the murder of his uncle, extended his power over the northern provinces of the Deccan; and added to the Musselman empire, more than half of the great southern peninsula.

Tamerlane, the lineal descendant of Zengis Khan, after having desolated the north of Asia, turned his arms to the south, and marched from Samarcand to the Jallali, one of the most westerly branches of the Indus, where he arrived about the end of 1398. He proceeded down the river to the confluence of the Jimboo and Chinab; here he passed the river on a bridge of boats. On one occasion Tamerlane commanded his prisoners to be slain, and in less than an hour, one hundred thousand Hindoos were massacred!—under pretence of glory to God, and the propagation of religion! From this instance our readers may infer the pain we spare them, in describing the expedition of Tamerlane in a single word as a scene of blood. At length, he quitted Hindoostan, without retaining his conquest.

But the invasion of India most entitled to attention, under the present circumstances, is that of Nadir Shah, of Persia, in 1737. He first secured Candahar, and quieted the Afgans; being then invited by rebels at Delhi, he crossed the Indus, and moved on to Lahore, and to Sirhind, January 8, 1738. He attacked and defeated the Indian army before Delhi, which capital he gave up to plunder. He quitted Delhi, May 4, 1739. The country through which he had advanced being totally desolated by his troops, he was obliged to take another route in his return to Persia. We shall adduce a few particulars of this return, as they may explain somewhat of the nature of the country that lies between Persia and India.

In the month of May the sun's rays were so exceedingly hot and powerful, and the wind so scorching, that the Persians, being unaccustomed to such weather, were unable to support the fatigue, and great numbers of men and cattle expired. When arrived at the Chinab, so soon as the bridge was formed, the inhabitants, who on the approach of the Persian army had fled to the mountains, came in the middle of the night, and throwing large trees into the river, the rapidity of the stream carried them with such violence against the boats, that the chains which held them together were broken, and a great number of people perished. Nadir was, therefore, forced to pass his army over this river in boats, which detained him several days. During his march the rains set in in, and, had he

been detained a month longer, the mountains of Cabul would have been impassable, on account of the snow. Did not arrive at Cabul 'till November 20, 1739. A great proportion of the shah's plunder of Delhi was lost in the rivers he passed. His artillery was conveyed with great difficulty. Of the elephants that he took away, the greater part died on the march.

From all these instances of invasion, it appears that the scene of decisive conflict was in the advance to Delhi, and that India was saved or lost, by events that took place in the district of the "Five Rivers," (or the Panjab:) which rising in the east and running westward, fall into the Indus.

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE.

[Translated from the French of M. IMBERT.]

THE Chevalier Blimont was born to an ample inheritance, and possessed so many personal attractions, that his attentions to the fair sex were seldom returned with scorn. Among the numerous victims of his early gallantry, or thoughtless levity, was the unfortunate Leonora, who became a mother but to mourn her own disgrace, and bewail the ungenerous desertion of him to whom she had sacrificed her honour and peace of mind. Blimont, willing to varnish over his own baseness, believed, or affected to believe, a fabricated story of her infidelity; and running blindfold into the snare spread by his designing and ambitious relations, he became the husband of a rich heiress, who had little besides her wealth to recommend her. Blimont, caressed by his family, flattered by his friends, and revelling in luxury, too soon forgot the claims of the wretched Leonora, who, to conceal her shame and misery quitted the scene of her ruin, and sought an asylum far distant from the ungrateful Blimont. About the same period of time at which Leonora gave birth to a lovely infant, Blimont's lady also presented him with a son, to whose future aggrandisement the aspiring father looked up with the proudest hopes. The young D'Erpeny, indeed, soon grew up as amiable as the fondest parents could wish, but an unexpected occurrence for a while frustrated his father's wishes, and separated them from this darling child.

Blimont had an uncle, very rich, but of a most eccentric character—his benevolent heart and easy disposition had, in early life, made him the dupe of several designing characters, of both sexes—enraged to find himself imposed on, and deeply

wounded by the ingratitude of those on whom he had too hastily fixed his affections, he determined to abjure the world, and all its follies; and retired to a solitary estate, many miles from Paris, where he became a misanthrope, to outward appearance, though, in reality, his heart beat as warmly to all the social affections as ever. Tired and disgusted with a state of seclusion, for which nature had not in any respect adapted his disposition, yet ashamed to appear inconsistent, he sent a letter of entreaty to Blimont, requesting him to entrust him with the charge of his youthful nephew. Blimont, however averse to the measure, had his son's future establishment in life too much at heart to venture a refusal; and concluding, from the age of Minville, that the separation could not be of long duration, he got the better of those scruples which paternal affection suggested, and sent D'Eperny, then just a twelvemonth old, to the misanthropic Minville, who, delighted with the blandishments of the infant prattler, forgot all his former sorrows and disappointments, and seemed to commence a new existence.

It happened, by one of those chances for which no mortal can account, that the spot to which the unhappy Leonora had retreated, with her infant son, was in the neighbourhood of Minville's estate; and, by a chance more extraordinary, the two boys formed an intimacy, which gradually ripened into the warmest friendship. Minville, perceiving their growing attachment, solicited the mother of the engaging little Maurice to let him pass the greatest part of his time at the Chateau de Minville, where their studies and pleasures were shared together with equal advantage and delight. D'Eperny was at that time in his fourteenth year, and though about two months younger than Maurice, no difference could be perceived between them—his manners and conversation announced an understanding beyond his years, and all his actions evinced the most exquisite sensibility; he shewed, on every occasion, the tenderest attention to Maurice, and was anxious to anticipate all his wants; in fact, it seemed as if nature had inspired him with the consciousness that he was the sole possessor of a fortune which Maurice had a natural right to partake with him, and that he was but seeking to repair the injustice of which his father had been guilty. It is true, Maurice was in every respect worthy of his friendship, and repaid his kindness with tenderness equally grateful and disinterested.

Meanwhile, Minville, won by the engaging manners and respectful attentions of Maurice, began to be warmly interested in his favour, and interrogated Leonora so closely on her real situation and affairs, that she candidly revealed to him her melancholy story. Minville bewailed her irreparable misfortune, and Maurice was more endeared to him than ever; nor was

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the secret confined to themselves; partly by imprudence, and partly in voluntary confidence, the two brothers were informed of their history. The modest Maurice felt disconcerted by the disclosure, and the sensible D'Eperny seemed proud of such a brother—he could not love him more, but he found that the discovery made him happier. Minville knew not which of the brothers was most worthy of his regard, and he solemnly declared to Leonora that he would divide his fortune between them. Thus a twelvemonth passed away in mutual love and confidence. Blimont, fully engaged in the pursuit of town-pleasures, broke not upon their homely joys, and suffered his son to attain his sixteenth year without once requiring to see him, contenting himself with D'Eperny's frequent letters, in which he was assured that this darling son was well and happy.

One day D'Eperny conceived a project, the most singular and interesting that could enter a youthful mind—it was no less important a design, than that of recompencing Maurice for the injustice of his fate, and the rigour of the law, which deprived him of advantages so many, less worthy, are allowed to possess. Alone he conceived the project, and alone he was determined to execute it; all the aid he required, was liberty to return to his paternal home—for this purpose he hastened to Minville. "My benefactor," said he, for thus he always addressed him, "you must this day give me a fresh proof of your goodness, and confer a most serious benefit on your adopted child." "What is it you would ask, my son?" enquired the good old man, embracing him. "Ah! Sir," cried D'Eperny, grasping his hand, with a supplicating gesture, "Maurice, my dear Maurice, has found a brother—but he has still no father, while I have the happiness to possess two—is that fair, my benefactor? Am I more worthy of such blessings than the virtuous Maurice?" Minville was for some mo nents mute with astonishment; at length he embraced D'Eperny, with tears of sensibility streaming from his aged eyes; and in that instant human nature was once more in favour with Minville.

D'Eperny then imparted to his guardian the whole of his plan—a plan, not formed in a moment of childish enthusiasm, but one on which his mind had long dwelt with secret anxiety; the result of serious reflection, and the most virtuous principles. Minville heard him with delight and wonder, and, won over by his tears and caresses, promised not only to assist in the execution of his extraordinary project, but also to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, fearing what might be the result. D'Eperny exulted in the prospect of his success; but the chief difficulty yet remained, which was, to secure the consent of the noble minded and disinterested Maurice. This it was no easy matter to effect; he started at the very proposal, and positively

refused to assist in, or even sanction such an undertaking. "Well, then, my brother," cried D'Eperny, throwing his arms round the afflicted Maurice, "since you refuse me the satisfaction of doing the only praise-worthy action of my life, I will never more ask another favour from you. I will quit this place for ever, and become a wanderer on the face of the earth. Never shall it be said that D'Eperny selfishly contented himself with rank and fortune, to the exclusion of a much wronged, and far more amiable brother. No, no, Maurice; turn not from me thus—consider this our last embrace, for here, I solemnly swear, to-morrow's sun shall rise upon me in a far distant spot, if you persist in refusing the dearest wish of my heart. Farewell, home! farewell, father! farewell, Minville! all, all, I forsake—my resolution is taken." Terrified by the wildness of his manner, and the gloom of his countenance, Maurice clasped his brother in his arms, and promised all he required. D'Eperny gave him no time to retract; every thing was in readiness; they took a hasty leave of Minville and Leonora, and then hastened to the residence of Blimont.

(To be concluded in our next.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of COMMON PLEAS,

Friday, March 4.

BARLOW *v.* RICHARDS.

PATENTS.

THIS was an action against the defendant for infringing a patent which the plaintiff had obtained for a certain composition of paste resembling stone, which had a strong aromatick odour.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd stated the case on the part of the plaintiff. He first stated that the protection of a patent was often given, not only to those discoveries which much contributed to the necessaries of life, but also to those which contributed to its elegance and comforts, and to what was commonly called luxuries. He remembered that several patents had been obtained about shoe buckles, and their shapes, although now there was hardly such a thing worn. The invention of the plaintiff, in this instance, was in the mode of combining the aromatick odour, with a paste resembling stone, which was made as ornamental brooches, and trinkets for ladies. By the peculiar mode of mixing the aromatick gums, drying them afterwards

afterwards in the solar rays, as the gums hardened the odour was fixed in the composition, and did not decay rapidly by time. He then stated from the specification in the patent the proportion of the aromatick gums which the plaintiff used, to produce the effect. The composition of the plaintiff was equally coloured throughout, whereas the imitation of it by the defendant, was something like a mixture of lamp-black and pipe-clay; it was black at the inside, although it was coloured without, and retained a perfume but for a short time. In this respect it was an imposition upon the public, as well as an infringement on the patent of his client.

The patent was produced, and the specification of it read.

Mr. Watts, and another professional chymist, were brought to prove the novelty of the discovery of the plaintiff. They stated that notwithstanding the many imitations of stone they had seen, they had never seen or heard of any artificial stone, combining the aromatick odour, before the discovery of the plaintiff. They were convinced that the compositon of the defendant was a mere imitation of that of the plaintiff, but that it was much inferior.

Sir James Mansfield asked, was the whole of the invention of the plaintiff, the mixing perfumes with his paste?

The witnesses replied, that it was, and that any pure gums might, when melted, serve as a basis for any perfume that it was thought proper to mix with them.

Sir James Mansfield thought, that merely being the first to perfume a substance of this sort was not originality enough to maintain a patent upon.

On the part of the defendant, it appeared, on the cross-examination of the plaintiff's witnesses, that there was no more novelty in perfuming the gums, which formed a paste, than there was in perfuming sealing-wax, and many other substances of that sort. As to using exactly the proportions mentioned in the specification of the patent, that was by no means necessary. Every man might scent his paste in the manner, and according to the proportions he thought proper. It appeared that if into any specific gum, otto of roses, or any other perfume of that sort, was thrown, and it was left to dry gradually, the odour would be confirmed, as the substance hardened. But in order to put the originality of the invention out of dispute, Mr. Serjeant Bailey read, from some old books of chemistry, receipts for making a composition nearly resembling that which the plaintiff claims as his discovery.

Sir James Mansfield was of opinion that the plaintiff could not support his action, and he must therefore be nonsuited.

The plaintiff was nonsuited.

COURT

COURT *of* KING's BENCH.

ANSTEY *v.* RAINSFORD, AND OTHERS.

TRESPASS in MATTER of BAIL.

THIS was an action of trespass for breaking and entering the plaintiff's house, exciting a great disturbance therein, and staying a long space of time, to wit, the place of twelve hours, &c.

Plea, (after the general issue) as to the breaking and entering, exciting a great disturbance therein, and staying there a short space of time, to wit, for the space of one hour, part of the said time in the said declaration mentioned, &c. &c. &c. "That one Emanuel Downe had commenced an action against A, B, C, and D, and that the said Anthony and Thomas, the defendants, became bail for him, the said A, and that whilst the recognizance remained in full force, and the suit depending, the said A used, occupied, and resided in the said messuage of the said plaintiff. In which they, the said Anthony and others, as bail for the said A, entered by the outer door thereof, in order to apprehend the said A, to surrender him to prison in discharge of their recognizance, as they lawfully might, &c. &c."

To this plea there was a general demurrer.

Mr. Dampier, in support of the demurrer, made two points of argument: 1st, that it did not appear that the defendants were in a situation to justify the taking of A, (the principal) in any place; and 2dly, that they had no right to take him in the house of the plaintiff. As to the first, he argued, that to entitle bail to take their principal, the principal must have been delivered to them as bail by the court, 4 Inst. 178, 2 Haw. P. C. 88; but the plea in the present case shews only that the defendants were sureties only for the appearance of A. It does not state that he was delivered to them as bail by the court, and the distinction between bail and mainprize is obviously clear. As to the other point, he contended that bail could not in any event enter the house of another to take the principal, unless at the time of entry the principal was actually in the house at the time; and it is not averred in the plea that A was in the house when the entry was made. Cro. El. 876. Nor could such an entry be justified, merely because it was stated that the principal used, occupied, and resided in the dwelling-house of plaintiff, these being vague and equivocal terms, which might be applied to any temporary visitor.

Mr. Pell, E. Contra, contended that the defendants were not mainprizers but bail. The plea states they were "bail." This allegation was sufficient, and is not contradicted by stating that they entered into a recognizance, &c. &c. As therefore they

they were bail, they had a right to take the principal, and were justified in looking and searching for him in his usual place of abode. And in Semayne's case, 5. (o.) 91. (a.) it is laid down "That the house of any one is not a castle or a privilege, but for himself, and shall not extend to protect any person who may think proper to fly to his house."

Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough. This plea appears to me to be good both in form and substance. It shews that the defendants were bail and not mainpernors: for it states that they became bail and entered into a recognizance. The legal effect is, that the principal from the moment of entering into that recognizance, was in their custody, and a further averment of his being delivered to them by the court, would have been wholly superfluous. When a party is bailed, the bail have a right to go into the house of the principal quite as much as himself. They have a right to be constantly with him, to attend him when and also where they please; and it is quite impossible to discern the difference here between the house in which he has himself sole and only possession, and a house wherein he may reside by the consent of any other person.

Grose, Justice, expressed himself of the same opinion.

Lawrence, Justice. If this plea should be overruled, it would be hereafter impossible for the bail ever to surrender the principal; as he would have, from henceforth, nothing more to do than to take up his residence in the house of another person, and under the privilege of their roof, set the law at defiance.

Le Blanc, Justice. I think this plea is perfectly good, and that it is sufficiently certain to a common intent; and that the subsequent statement of entering into a recognizance is not sufficient to invalidate the prior allegation of the defendants having duly become bail. To me it seems the very same in effect as if the principal A had been the sole and only occupier of the house. The plaintiff received him therein, and received him too, subject to all the legal consequences to which he would have been liable, if the house had been his own. A contrary determination would affect the liberty of the subject, as it would then make it extremely difficult to procure bail.

Judgment for the defendants.

Art of multiplying Designs by Means of Stone.

THE art of polyautography or multiplying designs by means of stone, though yet in its infancy, is already practised in three different ways, in all of which, blocks of a fine grained calcareous stone are employed instead of copper. The

first manner is by tracing on the stone with an ink prepared for the purpose, and with a steel pen, whatever is to be printed, whether writing, music, or figures. This manner is expeditious, but serves only for out-lines, or mere sketches. But it is capable of increased utility, if a writing on paper, with the ink composed for this purpose, be transferred from the paper to the stone, from which a number of impressions may be taken off. This transfer supersedes the necessity of reverse writing on the stone, and multiplies at pleasure the most correct fac-simile. As the printing may be begun as soon as the ink is dry, this is a rapid way of obtaining impressions. The second way of operating originated with Professor Mitterer, of Munich; he discovered that the materials of which the ink was composed, might be made into crayons, which being traced on the stone, the drawings thus made might be multiplied greatly. They are indeed much softer than ordinary chalk; they require time and patience in using; but they may be made to produce pleasing designs. The third mode may with propriety be called the art of engraving on stone, being executed by means of the graver. It is very much superior to the other modes, and the work is capable of yielding a greater number of prints than the others. It takes much less time than engraving on copper, and hopes are entertained that it may be brought to answer the same purposes. It will also imitate engravings on wood. M. Cotta, who has lately purchased a share in the patent granted for practising this art, intends speedily to publish one of Schiller's songs, the text of which will be engraved on stone with the graver. The music to which it has been set will be printed from writing with a pen; and a frontispiece designed in chalk, by M. Seele, director of the gallery at Stutgard, will be prefixed, so that this specimen, consisting of five folio leaves, will exhibit all the three methods of engraving on stone.

OLD JEWRY.

IN Ben Jonson's time, a house called the Windmill stood at the corner of the Old Jewry, towards Lothbury, London, and was remarkable for the changes it had successively undergone. The Jews used it at first for a synagogue; afterwards it came into the possession of a certain order of friars called *De Pœnitentia Jesu*, or *Fratres de Sacca*, from their being clothed in sackcloth. In process of time, it was converted to a private house, wherein several mayors had resided, and kept their mayoralty. In the days of Stow, from whom this account is taken, it was a wine-tavern, and had for the sign the Windmill. (See Stow's Survey by Strype, l. iii. p. 54.)

An ANECDOTE.

THE Lady Eleanor, wife of Sir John Davis, a poet, a scholar, and a lawyer, in the reign of James I. having, about three years before, predicted her husband's death as a punishment for having thrown into the fire one of her books of prophecies, put on mourning from that time, and about three days before his sudden departure gave him his pass, bursting into tears before all his servants and friends at the table, on which, being asked what was the matter, she answered, "Husband, these are your funeral tears;" to which he replied, "Weep not when I am alive, and I will give you leave to laugh when I am dead." Her prophecy, however, was punctually fulfilled. This singular anecdote is extracted by Ballard, from an exceedingly scarce pamphlet, entitled "The Lady Eleanor her Appeal." 1646, 4to. Ballard 272.

Lady Eleanor was the daughter of George Touchet, Lord Audley, and earl of Castlehaven. Sir John Davis, her husband, was found dead in his bed, December 7, 1626. He went to bed in apparent good health.

CAUTION *to* SERVANTS.

AT the last Surrey assizes, Charles Martin, coachman to Sir William Rush, was tried on an indictment for defrauding his master of 2s. 4d. by an overcharge for baiting his horses, on the 19th of October last. This sum was selected as admitting of most easy proof: but it appears, from his weekly books, and the testimony of the different tradesmen, that he has been for a long time in the habit of overcharging all the articles which went through his hands full one-third, and often much more; that he frequently charged expences not incurred, and on other occasions never paid the bills for which he received the amount from his master. In one instance, he charged Sir William Rush, from November 4 to December 21, at Brighthelmstone, 4l. 16s. for eight bushels of beans, while it appears, from the declaration of the stable-keeper, that the horses had only 1s. worth of beans during the above time. The charge in the indictment being clearly proved, he was sentenced to be imprisoned twelve months.

The above example, it is hoped, will operate as a salutary warning to servants. The trust necessarily placed in them is so great, that no punishment, short of a capital one, can be too great for the breach of it. It is a duty, therefore, which every gentleman owes to society to prosecute the offenders. On this ground the learned judge observed, that Sir William deserved the thanks of the county for bringing this man to trial.

Answer, by J. Trood, Bridgewater, to J. Vellenoweth's Rebus, inserted February 22.

YOUR tool an AUGER is, no douubt,
Which clearly makes your rebus out.

☞ We have received the like answer from John Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton.

Answer, by J. Vellenoweth, near Helston, to H. Ellis's Rebus, inserted the 22d of February.

VELOCITY will hurl afar,
The dreadful instruments of war.

*** Similar answers have been received from John Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgwater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; S. D. and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; Hester Easter, of Poole; and Alphonso, of St. Austell.

Answer, by Xenophon, of Plymouth, to the Rebus, by a Fifer of the South Devon Militia, inserted February 29.

YOUR rebus, Sir, if I judge right,
A fish called MINNOW brings to sight.

† Similar answers have been received from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Colley, of St. German's; Alphonso, of St Austell; J. Woodman, of North Curry; John Treadwin, of Exeter; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Tucker, of Ottery Barracks; B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; and Hester Easter, of Poole.

A CHARADE, *by J. Prinn, a Fifer in the South Devon Militia.*

HIBERNIA's sons full oft my first commit;
And if you on my second wish to hit,
Name what I gave the charmer of my heart
When (sad to tell) we for a while did part:
Among the various implements of war
My whole is found: the same, good gents. declare.

A CHARADE, *by J. Trood, of Bridgewater.*

OH may each mortal on the earth
Thro' life my first adore!
And then, when they resign their breath,
They unto Heaven will soar.

My stately next rides on the main,
Triumphing o'er our foe:
And when these parts are found I feign,
A title they will shew.

☞ *Mathematical questions, enigmas, &c. should be answered as soon as convenient, and in a few months at farthest. When the answers are exactly right, they always find a place soon after they are received; and the names of those who send similar ones are never omitted when they come to hand in time.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ADDRESS *to the* PRIMROSE.

COME, lovely tenant of the vale!
Sweet harbinger of spring!
Thy odoriferous sweets exhale,
Thy wonted fragrance bring.

With pleasure in the grove I stray
Thy beauteous form to view;
Or in the verdant mead survey
Thy captivating hue.

The rustic lasses there repair
To pluck thy lovely form;
And fragrant nosegays make with care
Their bosoms to adorn.

Sweet flow'r! thou lov'st the lonely shade
Thy tender stalk to skreen;
Nor vainly dost thou seek parade,
Nor yet wish to be seen.

But when thy opening leaves expand
To Phœbus' sultry ray,
They can't his pow'rful force withstand,
But wither soon away.

Exeter, March, 1808. HENRY ELLIS.

Thoughts in a Dock-yard:—Building and Launch of a Man of War.

NO sights of horror, nor her rocky shores,
Deform'd with naval spoils, dread monitors,
What dangers lurk beneath insidious seas!
Dismay Neptunian Britain. All around
What future navies rise! Norwegian pines
Here stretch their trunks gigantic; British oaks
Here in proud stubborn piles oppress the ground;
Here, from the pitchy cauldron, fragrant clouds
Steam to the skies; and ripening vessels there,
Like the rude creatures on the delug'd bank
Of Nile, prolific flood, enrich the strand.
This, newly on it firm foundation fix'd,
Fatigues the gazer's eye, to comprehend
Her longitude immense. Another, bon'd
With sturdy oak, expands her arching limbs
Stupendous, like th' inverted columns proud
Of some antique cathedral. That, behold!
Approaching to perfection, wide unfolds
Her spacious penetralia. Clinging boys,
Like ants supine, that creep beneath the bough,
Hang on her sides, explore, and fortify
The secret chinks. Her ringing caverns, hark!
Rebound the din of labour, hurling quick

The

The clatt'ring echo far. And now, behold!
The swelling shines consummate. Symmetry
Rules thro' her every part, and grandeur strikes
The dazzled eye with awe. Her battlements
O'ertop the loftiest roofs; yon shipwright fix'd
High on her mast, where but a dwarf he hangs,
Plodding below, beneath a load of plank,
Seem'd some huge Sampson stalking o'er the beach
With the vast gates of Gaza. See she rears
Her painted head; expands her sails; displays
Her crimson'd streamers to the wanton wind,
And like some racer foaming for the course
Presses amain. Promiscuous crouds descend
Spectators of the launch. A tide of oil
Smooths her prone path; a sloping watry bed,
Scoop'd from the sand, prepares to break her fall
With soft resistance, else her headlong beak,
Impetuous rushing to the vast profound,
Ponderous and huge, would plow the central earth,
And shiver into fragments. Silence now
Attends the chisel's solitary strokes,
With strict sedulity. She bows her head.
Hark! a shrill cheer. With VICTORY wing'd, a name
Of happy auspice, the baptismal wine
Flies joyous, and the jolly train embark'd
Dance on her deck, and, with impressive bound,
Give motion to the dubious oaken tower.
She steals, slides, sweeps, darts, flashes to the deep,
Serenely rapid; like some vulture pois'd,
That shoots the air, and never wants a wing,
The frighted sea recoils, and stands awhile
Collected. As when thundering at the door
Some din unusual frights the pack, confus'd
They roar aloof, 'till known, the huntsman's voice,
And feeding hand, obsequious they approach,
And hail his entrance with a choral peal;
Thus, with tumultuous haste the waves return'd
To clasp their new inhabitant; who safe
As the proud temple wafted thro' the air
To high Loretto, from the sacred clime
Of distant Palestine, performs her flight,
And floats incumbent o'er the wide abyss,
That rings with cheers, as when the morning stars
Together sang, and all the sacred train
Shouted for joy to see the new-born earth.
Then give the naval tribe to festive feasts
Their sweet sabbatic hours. Nor, as of old
The demi-gods of Greece, do Albion's sons,
Destin'd to guide young Argo o'er the main,
Desire an Orpheus, with heroic strains
T' instil the soul of courage. Uncontroul'd
By apprehension, each or on a sea
Of wine embarks, or else with beauty weaves
The farewell dance, tho' storms portentuous howl.
As golden insects, wak'd by genial May
To haunt each pool, and tinge their silver wings
In ev'ry stream, tho' scarce a wave but bears
Some flutt'ring friend, still wanton up the flood,
Unwarn'd, ambitious, candidates for death;
Thus Britain's youth ascend the bark, tho' foes
And shipwreck bar their way, and fear alone
Th' inglorious rust of sloth and down of ease.

Union House Academy, Lambeth, December 24, 1807.